

A COMPLETE STORY EVERY SATURDAY
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FICTION SECTION

THREE SECTIONS.

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SECTION TWO.

WEST WIND

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Illustrated by WILL B. JOHNSTONE

The Very Important Part That a Girl Tennis Champion Played in a Very Important Game of Golf

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

HENRY EATON, playing a fair game of golf but unreliable in matches at the Greenfields County Club.

AMY THOMPSON, tennis champion of the club, and a belle despite having reached twenty-seven.

MRS. LOVELL, a veranda member, with the club members' love

HERE was exactly the difference between them that there was between their favorite games and their manner of playing them. Henry Eaton was a steady, reliable golfer, who played around at bogey or a little better, unless it was a really important match game, whereupon he got flustered, missed his putts, sliced and pulled and foozled with thorough abandon, and he was a great hulking brute who oughtn't to have had a nerve in his body. Amy Thompson, on the other hand, was the club's woman tennis champion. She had a devilishly accurate serve, and she could come right down to the net and smash the balls back in a way that brought cheers from the gallery. She was not one of your meaty, blowzy girls, either. Her color was delicate, and her wrists, though apparently of steel, were slender and graceful.

It was natural enough for Henry to fall in love with Amy and follow her round, patiently, persistently, worrying away at her indifference just as he worried away at his daily round of "clock," and it was perfectly natural that she should slam him down, time and time again, just as she slammed balls across the net. Each to his own game, as usual.

Habitués of the Greenfields Country Club who were sporting by nature placed bets on the final result. The odds were two to one that Amy wouldn't have him. What—never? No—never! What—never? No—never—I—mean—it! But a small minority held firmly to the theory that Henry's persistence and his honest-to-goodness likeableness would win out in the end.

"The girl's a fool to throw away a good chance like Henry. Why, she's twenty-seven," said old Mrs. Lovell, from a cushioned chair on the veranda. She and her crony, Miss Henrietta Bird, had just seen Henry going disconsolately to the links, having asked Amy in vain to accompany him.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Henrietta dreamily. She was a romantic soul. "Maybe she's happier single. By the way—did you know that Ray Lowrie's coming back?"

Mrs. Lovell jumped to electric attention. "No—really!" she exclaimed. "That beautiful rascal! How I shall enjoy seeing him again! And what a shocking example he is to all the young people in town. But you don't think it's because of Ray and Amy"—Her eyes asked the question she did not need to voice.

"Well, it was quite an affair," replied Miss Henrietta, pursing up her lips.

Mrs. Lovell pursed up her lips also. "Thank God I've got no daughters," she exclaimed, plausibly.

AND if she had known about the letter that was hidden securely in the pocket of Amy Thompson's rose-colored sport coat at that moment she would have been even more thankful. For the letter was from Ray Lowrie, and he said he was coming back to Greenfields to stay and that the reason he was coming back was, in short, Amy. That is, you could read it that way if you wanted to. It sounded like that. But if you were twenty-seven and had suffered a good bit from Ray Lowrie's ambiguous love-making you might wonder if it meant anything at all. And that's exactly what Amy wondered.

"How ridiculous it all is," she told herself, staring down the valley where Henry's white-flanked figure might be seen bending laboriously over the

affairs very much at heart.

MISS HENRIETTA BIRD, also an observer, and interested in the turn the young folks' affections take.

RAY LOWRIE, with Irish blue eyes and Irish blarney, Mrs. Lovell calls him "that beautiful rascal."

quired Henry dolefully. "It's a very serious matter to me, let me tell you. How long are you going to stay?"

"I'll be back for the club dance on Thursday," said Amy, "and if you're a good little boy I'll send you a picture post card with the Soldiers' Monument or the Palace Hotel on it. I'm going to Knightsville to see Aunt Susanna."

"You're a brave girl," said Henry. "Maybe I'll motor over and say how



"OF ALL THE RIDICULOUS SITUATION, SHE SCOLDED HERSELF. HENRY—HENRY AND RAY LOWRIE PLAYING GOLF WITH ME FOR THE STAKE."

Fye do to you before Thursday. That is, if you will assure me that Aunt Susanna won't bite me. I'm afraid of her."

"Better not come," laughed Amy. "Aunt Susanna's pretty dreadful. I'll see you next Thursday, then, Henry. Goodby."

"Here—wait a minute—say—Amy," his voice changed ever so little. "Say—did you know Ray Lowrie was coming back?"

The girl at the other end of the wire caught her breath. "Is that so?" she answered evasively. "That ought to wake the town up a bit. I wonder if he's going to stay long? Oh, excuse me, Henry—mother's calling. Henry had caught Amy's evasion and understood it.

"Oh!" he thought. "That cheap sport!"

And Amy, who was packing her bag for her Aunt Susanna's venture, was congratulating herself that Henry never understood anything! "If he did," she thought a little bitterly, "perhaps I wouldn't find it so easy to say no every time he proposes."

NOW the reason that Amy was running away to her Aunt Susanna was simply because she didn't intend to let Ray Lowrie find her in Greenfields when he arrived, arguing that if he didn't find her there he'd think her quite indifferent to the important event of his coming. Also, she had another reason, which had to do with her vanity. When she had flown in from the Country Club to her dressmaker, she had planned, with the help of that estimable lady, a perfect marvel of an evening gown. With the moral support of such attire and the undoubtedly effect of her absence, Amy felt that she might face Ray Lowrie at the Club dance with a most magnificent effect of never having cared, not caring now, and never going to care.

Likewise, Henry was wrong to call Ray Lowrie a cheap sport. Ray Lowrie was just—Irish. Irish blue eyes, melting and merry by turns; Irish blarney forever on his tongue; a thoroughly Irish appreciation of the fair sex; and a thoroughly Irish habit of shifting his affections in a day, an hour, a minute. Naturally he never married—he'd never been in love long enough with any one girl. As he had some money, he travelled and visited and went wherever there was racing or aviation or any other sport pageantry. And he liked good pictures and good books and good music and pretty women and the light social side of life. Charming, irresponsible, irresistible—he still was enough of a man that he had got rather tired of enjoying life as a soufflé. Back in his head he'd always held to the notion that when he was thirty-five he'd go home to Greenfields, perhaps go into business, perhaps—more vaguely still—even marry and "settle down." Since most of the girls that he had been so much in love with there had since married and settled down themselves, without waiting for his return—why, never mind. Amy was still single. So that was why he had written to Amy.

The principal characters in this little three-cornered farce are now ready for their cues. The audience—all of Greenfields—is waiting expectantly. The Country Club is swept and garnished and gayly decorated for the Thursday night dance. Ray Lowrie is there, as handsome, as debonair as ever, slender and dark, ready to flirt with all the old ladies, who adore him, and to hall, with unaffected delight, his old friends.

And then Amy Thompson and Henry Eaton came in!

Everybody stared at them, and no wonder, for Amy, discarding her favorite pale colors, was dressed in vivid, taunting scarlet, a distracting, filmy thing that revealed and concealed and allured and repelled, all at once, and made her white skin seem whiter and her fair color still fairer and her sleek black hair yet blacker. Behind her rose Henry, a blond giant. And in the hub of attention every one saw Ray Lowrie come forward impetuously and hold out both his hands.

"Why—it's you."

And every one saw Amy's indifferent, easy smile. "Yes," she said. "It's I—and Henry. You haven't forgotten Henry, have you?" Then, as the music began, she placed herself in Henry's arms. "Perhaps I'll see you later," she said over her shoulder as they danced away.

Miss Henrietta Bird, who was nearest, positively thrilled. "It was just like something on the stage," she told Mrs. Lovell the next day. "I wouldn't have believed that Amy had it in her."

INDEED, if Amy had suddenly and violently slapped Ray Lowrie's face he wouldn't have been more surprised or more outraged. A nice thing, indeed, if the girl who should be all a-twitter at your sudden appearance nods at you and dismisses you with a cool perhaps-I'll-see-you-later. He calmly drew off to the side, and when Henry and Amy came round the second time he stopped them.

"Here, Henry, you selfish villain," he said, deliberately disengaging him from Amy, "you needn't think you can

take Amy away from me like that. I'll just cut in—by your leave"—And with that he swung Amy about and they were gone.

Ray was so angry that she could have screamed. Why didn't Henry show more spirit? Why did he let Ray Lowrie cut in—it wasn't at all as she had planned things. How he indifferent and gayly careless when you are mad all through and all your rage is for the man who is dancing with you.

And Ray Lowrie was laughing. "Henry's just the same slow poke," he said, "but you—you're not the same, Amy. You're wonderful. And you're beautiful—more beautiful than ever. And this scarlet frock makes you look like—"

"Like a fire in a grate, I dare say," said Amy. "You're just the same, Ray. You say just the same things in just the same way."

He answered by stopping dancing, and leading her out to the most secluded and shadowy corner of the veranda. Miss Henrietta Bird thrilled again to see them go. She turned to see how Henry took it, but Henry was dancing gayly away and apparently didn't see anything but his partner.

"Where have you been for so long?" demanded Ray, after he had put cushions at Amy's back. "I've been here since Saturday—and this is Thursday. That means—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and to-day, five perfectly good years of my life utterly wasted."

"I've been visiting Aunt Susanna," returned Amy shortly.

"What!" he cried. "Is that old termagant still alive? How she used to scowl at me when I'd come to call on you. I was always afraid of her."

"She's still alive and still disapproves

to drag Amy shrieking away," he announced cheerfully. "She's the only person who will endure my fox-trotting."

"I shall see you very soon," Ray said to Amy earnestly.

She pulled at her scarf and eyed him over its scarlet transparency. "We'll have some tennis," she promised.

"And some golf," said Henry, adding himself to the group. He sounded exactly like a complacent husband of many years' standing, and Amy, in spite of herself, grinned at his tone.

"Ray's just the same," said Henry suddenly, breaking the silence. "I suppose he's well enough—in his way—but what makes all you women fall for him in the way you do? Honestly, what is it?"

Amy smiled again into the rushing dark. "Henry," she said sternly, "are you jealous?"

Henry gave a little half groan. "I suppose I am," he admitted.

The car flew along. As it drew up under the Thompsons' porte-cochère, Amy caught up her scarlet ruffles. She poised herself on the step.

"Well, you'd better be jealous," she said—and ran into the house.

IMEDIATELY thereafter a mid-summer madness seemed to fall upon the three of them. They became, within the limits of convention, simply two males struggling for the possession of one female. A primal bare-faced contest it was.

To begin with, Ray Lowrie bought a car, a big and powerful car that completely threw Henry's little old run-

about—was Henry so uninteresting? After playing tennis with Ray and straining every nerve to beat him and not succeeding, for he played a brilliant, swift and dangerous game, it was more and more delightful to have a steady soothing round of golf with Henry.

However, Amy put off her decision and merely bought some more clothes. She could see no use in making up her mind before she was sure of it. She bloomed radiantly under the spell of her new desirability.

GREENFIELDS had not been so stirred for years. In summer there is nowhere to go except the Country Club, and equally, of course, the verandas seethed with interested spectators of the Lowrie-Eaton rivalry. The late arrivals besieged the early birds with questions like this:

"Are they here yet?"

"Who'd she come with to-day, Henry or Ray?"

"Tennis or golf to-day?"

The feminine contingent favored Ray's suit—the men stood solidly by Henry. The atmosphere was downright feverish.

Between Henry and Ray there was ostensible, I might even say, ostentatious peace. They played golf together—Henry winning just often enough to make it interesting. Ray was a good golfer, though addicted to pressing. He preferred tennis—with Amy. Nothing tempted Henry onto the courts. Golf was his game. So Amy played tennis with Ray and golf with Henry, and walked and talked and danced and teased and motored with them both.

It was Ray who broke over first. Not being accustomed to being denied what he wanted, or thwarted in his pursuit, he made occasion for a tête-à-tête in the moonlight of the Thompson pergola.

"How much longer are you going to torture me?" he demanded.

"Don't talk like the hero of a melodrama," said Amy. "I'm not torturing you—you're torturing yourself, if there's any torture going on."

"You needn't ridicule me, at least," said Ray. "You know why I came back—it was only to see you—and you've kept me dangling and put me off until I'm almost out of my mind." He said it so fervently he quite believed it.

"Then why dangle?" asked Amy, pleasantly. "There's any number of younger, prettier girls in Greenfields than I. Have I asked you to dangle? On the contrary, I should say."

"Amy!" reproached Ray, "you were not a bit like this when I went away."

"Certainly not," said Amy. "I was perfectly crazy about you then, you know. But you were away some time."

"And Henry stayed right here."

"Henry certainly stayed right here," admitted Amy.

There was a considerable silence, and a meaningful one.

"You'd never be happy with Henry," said Ray.

AMY kept discreetly and provokingly still. She felt sure that the hour of Ray's submission was at hand. Nor was she disappointed. His ardent voice and his romantic pose fitted admirably with the moonlight and the fragrant, deserted garden about them. Doubtless he realized it.

"Listen," he said. "I've been all over this world and I've known women everywhere, but I've never cared for one of them as I care for you. I've always meant to come back to you—and here I am. I've always loved you, Amy. Don't you believe me? Don't you trust me?"

He waited—quite sure of her. But Amy waited, too. And then she answered very thoughtfully.

"No, Ray—that's just it. I don't trust you. You're interesting and amusing and appealing, and you can make any one care for you!"

"Can I?"—broke in Ray. "Can I? Can I make you? I'll do nothing else, night and day—if that's true, but try to make you love me."

And when he went away a little later Amy owned to herself that perhaps—perhaps he might succeed.

Miss Henrietta Bird waylaid Amy a morning or so later as she passed, for once alone. She waved at her from the upstairs gallery.

"Come in here, Amy, for goodness sake," she called. She ran downstairs and drew the girl into the old-fashioned drawing room, with its ancient walnut furniture, its lone unused harp, its row of family portraits.

"Amy, my dear," began Miss Henrietta, "you'll say I'm nothing but a meddling old woman, but I can't see this thing go on without saying my say to you."

Amy did not pretend to misunderstand. "You mean Ray and Henry, don't you, Miss Henrietta?" she asked sweetly. "I wish you would tell me what you think. Mother's disgusted with me and father thinks I'm crazy—and I can't talk to any one else about it."

"You're a sweet child," exclaimed Miss Henrietta, jumping up and giving Amy a spontaneous hug. "And you've



"HERE, HENRY, YOU SELFISH VILLAIN. YOU NEEDN'T THINK YOU CAN TAKE AMY AWAY FROM ME LIKE THAT."

of all young men," said Amy. "She says they're all bad, every one of 'em, tricky and worthless. She mimicked perfectly the old lady's rasping voice.

"Oh, Amy—Amy," laughed Ray. "How that takes me back. Do you remember the night I came for you to go canoeing?"

THE night he came for her to go canoeing! In spite of herself

Amy felt her blood run a little faster. "Of course, I remember," she cried involuntarily. "That was the night"—she stopped and looked up at him. She had been about to say "that you kissed me." But she finished it instead—"that I ruined my only pair of white slippers. I would wear them."

Ray Lowrie laid his hand gently on her wrist. "And do you remember what I used to call you—West Wind? That's what you were like, Amy—that's what you are like still!"

Amy loomed before them. "Going

about in the shade. He had his car painted scarlet, to match the dress that Amy had worn the night of the dance, he told her. And the car and its owner were at Amy's disposal at any hour.

By the fact that he had no office hours or business to consider, Ray Lowrie could see Amy oftener than Henry. But Henry, though he attended faithfully to the affairs of the plane-and-sash company, nevertheless took a good bit of time off and hung on doggedly,

As for Amy, she enjoyed thoroughly the fact that she was the most courted, the most talked-of and yet the most thoroughly blameless young lady in the whole of Greenfields. To be sensational without any dangling scandal is a fairly delightful occupation to a girl who is just on the verge of spinsterhood, whose friends are mostly married and with children who call her "aunty," and who has seen nothing before her but more spinsterhood or else marriage with a thoroughly good, uninteresting man.

got plenty of sense, Amy. I don't blame you for wanting to lead both of them a dance, especially Ray, for he thinks he's such a fascinator, and so he is, the dear; but there's such a thing as overplaying your hand, you know, and if I were you I'd end the matter pretty soon. I'm saying everything in the most mixed-up way, but you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean," said Amy. "But I'll tell you, honestly, Miss Henrietta, I don't know what to decide."

"Ray's in earnest—this time, isn't he?" asked Miss Henrietta, a little hesitantly.

Amy flushed. "Yes, he's in earnest," she said, "this time."

"And it's only fair for you to punish him a little, my dear, of course," went on Miss Henrietta garrulously.

"But if you're going to take him, don't punish him too much. I can quite see how hard it is to decide. Life'd never be dull if you married Ray. But—life'd never be cruel if you married Henry."

Amy got up to go. "You've said it, Miss Henrietta," she said, "but—you haven't said which is preferable, dullness or cruelty."

Miss Henrietta stamped her foot. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "if Henry only had a little of Ray's deviltry."

AMY went away with those words ringing through her head. She was to go that very afternoon to play golf with Henry, and when he came for her she studied him impatiently. Why should he be so splendidly dependable, so fine, so good—and yet stodgy of spirit? Oh, for one gleam of—but Henry was speaking. He did not look at her.

"I heard to-day that you and Ray Lowrie are engaged," he said, heavily. "Is that true?"

"It certainly is not true," said Amy. "Who said so?"

"Dick Long told me—and he said he'd asked Lowrie, and he as good as admitted it."

Amy felt natural wrath at this. "Well, he has his nerve," she exclaimed inelegantly, but forcibly, "and I'm going to tell him so and Dick Long, too. I'm not engaged to him, and I'm not going"—she stopped.

"Perhaps he hasn't asked you," suggested Henry, mildly.

Amy's indignation was lost in sudden mirth. "Wouldn't you like to know if he has?" she questioned Henry mockingly.

The car gave a sudden jump forward. "You're acting like a silly child," said Henry, angry in his turn. "How much longer are you going to go on making a fool of me? How many times have I asked you to marry me? Do you know?"

"I never kept count," protested Amy, her eyes twinkling.

"I did. I've asked you to marry me thirty-and-a-half times counting this one."

"Oh, is this a proposal—I rather thought it was a preliminary to throwing me out onto the hard, hard road and telling me to walk home."

"I'd like to do it," said Henry, "but I thought it was any use, I would. But I can tell you this—I'm not going to stand this situation much longer. It cheapens me—and what's a great deal worse, it cheapens you." He slowed the car. "You'd better marry me, dear. I know so much better what's good for you than you know yourself."

"Miss Henrietta Bird told me to-day," said Amy, naughtily, "that if you only had a little of Ray's deviltry—I use Miss Henrietta's own words—that you'd be all right."

An imperative honk-honk behind them stopped for a moment the conversation and Ray Lowrie's big red car dashed past. Henry looked after it vindictively. "Deviltry, is it?" he said, "That's your ideal, is it—yours and Miss Henrietta's? I suppose if I were to run around all the time talking fool nonsense to the woman, you'd think I was a dashing fellow—a lady killer. Honestly, Amy, I thought you had better sense."

"I'm merely repeating what Miss Henrietta said," responded Amy, drawing him on. "You see how you appear to the unprejudiced observer, Henry."

"You're hopeless," said Henry. "I give it up. If you won't be serious, I shan't be serious either. Only—I do want you to realize that you're not giving me a square deal. Here's where I get off. I'm not going to ask you to marry me again." The car drew up before the County Club. But Amy lingered a minute before she got out.

"Is that a threat or a promise?" she asked. And Henry, in spite of himself, laughed with her.

AS Amy waited for Henry to get the clubs and the caddies, Ray Lowrie came up to her eagerly and the watchers on the veranda fluttered with excitement.

"You're going to play tennis with me," he announced.

"I'm going to play golf with Henry," said Amy.

"Not at all—you're going to play tennis with me. Tennis is your game—not golf. Come along—'West Wind.' His eyes sparkled and beamed."

But she did not move. "I'm going to play golf with Henry," she said again, as if it was a charm.

"Oh, no, you're not," reiterated Ray. "For here comes Henry minus clubs and frowning furiously."

"The caddies have struck," announced Henry. "They want 10 cents more an hour. The greens committee's sitting in the case. But I'll carry your clubs. I didn't know, though, if you'd care to go round that way."

Amy looked at Henry and she looked at Ray. Suddenly she felt, as she had not felt before, the burning need of deciding between them that very instant. She felt tired and old, and unutterably weary of the tension of the situation. But, woman-like, she temporized and shifted the responsibility. "Henry."

"Just as you say," said Henry, with apparent indifference. He usually was just getting warmed up with one round. But why contest the point?

RAY'S drive was long and straight. Henry pulled his ever so little, but both were on the green in three. Ray made a neat and accurate putt, but Henry fell six inches short and it cost him five to drop into the cup.

Ray drove, a beauty, landing only a short approach from the green. Henry followed ably, but his putting was again at fault. They halved the hole in six.

Still no one spoke. Amy, watching the set faces of the two men, began to

along Amy, warm and nervous and cold and nervous by turns, and with her sense of humor entirely out of working order.

Henry lost the fourth hole. They halved the fifth, after some frightful putting by both.

On the sixth hole Henry rallied and made it in five to Ray's disgusted seven.

Ray's loss disconcerted him somewhat and he drove wild. To be sure Henry was not much better. They did some desperate iron work and halved the seventh, glaring at each other over it.

Henry gritted his teeth when he drove for the eighth. He gritted them to good purpose, too, for his drive was true. A short mashie, two accurate puts, and he was in. Ray was not so fortunate. His drive was mediocre, his approach fell short, and his putting was erratic. He lost the hole.

Amy's heart gave an excited bounce. She ran over the score mentally. Ray had won the first and fourth holes; Henry the sixth and eighth. They had halved the second, third, fifth and seventh. Therefore the ninth hole would decide. As they teed up, she summoned her self-possession and looked at them critically, gauging them, and herself. They, on the other hand, did not look at her at all. They simply addressed themselves to the business in hand. But just before he drove, Ray did turn and look at her, a very short and a very searching glance—and she acknowledged it with a sudden panicky thrill—a look of entire, satisfied possession. And that instant's glance decided her. She knew then that Henry had to win, that Henry must win, that if he did not win, that if he left her she would be forever desolate. She knew that she hated Ray—that she had always hated and despised him.

HENRY drove first. He sliced. Amy speculated desperately that it meant two, perhaps three, to get on the green. She watched Ray drive with a horrible feeling of fatality. It was a better drive than Henry's, but he pulled slightly and his ball disappeared in the high grass near the hedge at the side of the hole. (This was the boundary hedge of the links). Still—a niblick well played would land him on the green. With no very clear idea of what she was going to do, she followed Ray's ball.

"I'll help you find it," she said stupidly. He flung her a grateful, but still conquering glance, and they walked over the smooth turf side by side. Henry was thirty feet away scuffling about with his iron.

"I think it went here," said Ray, and headed toward a place where the grass was thick and short. Amy stood still, but mechanically pushed the grass away before her. Before she realized it, the ball was there under her foot. She looked up quickly. Ray was intent his back toward her. She did not look at Henry—there was no need—Henry never saw anything anyway. She put her hand down and picked up that ball and slid it into her pocket, all in one deft motion. Then she went on brushing the grass about, ostensibly searching eagerly, carefully.

They beat over every inch of that grass for half a dozen yards. Henry came and helped. Ray got it back and hotter and harder and harder and more desperate. Amy sought diligently.

At last Ray flung up his head. "I give it up. 'Tis balls lost! It's your hole, Henry."

"And my round," suggested Henry mildly.

"Yes," exploded Ray.

Henry dropped his clubs and was at Amy's side in two bounds. He flung one mighty arm about her—the modest and scrupulous Henry who had never before ventured on such boldness! He was laughing.

"You didn't have your usual luck, Ray," he said, "but you'll have to abide by the result. Give him back his ball, Amy, you little cheat."

Amy obediently put her hand in her pocket and held out the ball to Ray, on the palm of her hand.

"You had it!" cried Ray, staring, unbelieving. He did not wear his conquering look now.

"Yes, she had it," said Henry. "Little West Wind breezed away with it, I fear."

Without another word Ray Lowrie turned and marched up the hill to the club house. Henry watched him contentedly. "I guess that last touch would have satisfied even Miss Henrietta Bird," he said cheerfully. "What's the matter, Amy? You seem dazed." He tightened his arm about her. "Lord love you, honey. When I saw you pick up that ball and put it in your little coat pocket I could have turned three somersaults backward. And I wanted him to know that I knew—you don't begrudge me that bit of satisfaction, do you?"

"You may as well give me a kiss," he went on, putting a finger under her chin and turning her face up to his, "for every one on the club veranda is staring at us—and this'll save us the trouble of announcing our engagement."

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"AND DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I USED TO CALL YOU—WEST WIND? THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE LIKE"

she said very slowly, "I don't believe that I want to play a round without a caddy. You know I'm always losing my ball. Suppose you and Ray play a round, and I'll go round with you. And suppose—suppose you—you two put up a bet on it—something really big, something you really want—just to make it more exciting." She looked from one to the other, and nervously opened and shut her hands hidden in the pockets of her sport coat.

Ray comprehended first. He looked at her warily. "I'm game for it," he declared boldly. "I think—I think it's a ripping good idea. And may the best man win."

Henry, by this time, sensed the stakes. He looked Amy square in the eyes. "I'm on," he announced. "And—as Ray so fittingly remarks—may the best man win."

They moved off without another word. Amy waited until they had got their clubs and then the three of them went out toward the cool greenness of the links. Ray teed up first.

"This is for one round only," he said, affirming rather than asking. The course was nine holes and he was wont to go off his game on the second round. Hence his desire for one round only.

feel a little sick. The whole thing seemed so silly and yet was in such deadly earnest. She wondered frantically why she had been idiot enough to suggest any such thing. "Of all ridiculous situations," she scolded herself, "this is the most absurd I ever got myself into. It doesn't seem as though it can be real. Henry—Henry and Ray Lowrie playing golf with me for the stake. I'm a perfect fool, that's what I am. Oh-h-h!" The last was said aloud, for Ray drove from the third tee a perfect wonder of a drive, over the little silver pool in the valley of the links, over the clump of shrubbery that formed a dreadful hazard, well on the way to the third green. It was a long hole.

Henry sliced and fell short, even of the pool, one of those piffling uncertain drives that so exasperate the one who made it. Henry said something very profane under his breath as he started off. And Ray was smiling. The smile, however, did not last, for he over-approached and took three to get on the green. Two puts were his portion, also. They halved that hole as well as the second. Both of them were getting warm, and both of them were getting nervous. Behind them trailed

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NEXT SATURDAY'S COMPLETE STORY

THE AMATEUR

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Illustrated by WILL B. JOHNSTONE

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